

THE
LORD's DAY:

OR, THE
Christian Sabbath.

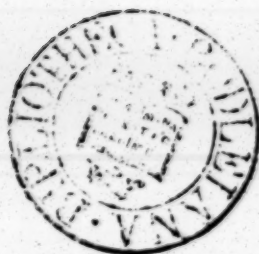
A
Sacred P O E M

Humbly presented to
Mrs. *B R A C E*.



LONDON: Printed for the AUTHOR.
M.DCC.XXIX.

3



THE
L O R D's Day, &c.



H A T glorious great and memorable Day,
In which the Christians solemn Homage pay ;
When Weekly they to holy Temples press,
And the Almighty zealously address,
Is such a Theme requires an Angel's Tongue,
A Subject fit by Angels to be sung.

Oh Mystery profound ! Oh Love too great !
For Men or Angels fully to relate ;
Who can Redemption fathom, or explain
The Wonders Man's Salvation does contain.

Apostate Angels by Rebellion fell,
Of Mercy they despair, and Rage in Hell.
Not the least Glimpse of Hope their Pains abate,
Nor blunt the Rigour of their dreadful Fate ;
But guilty Man, and his offending Race,
Who daily Sin before their Maker's Face ;

B

Pride

Pride in their Crimes, careless of that sad Doom,
 To which without Repentance all must come :
 Have Terms of Favour offer'd, and may rise
 From Hell's dark Brink, and shine above the Skies.
 True Penitence, and pious Deeds shall clear
 Their Souls of Guilt, and make them bright appear ;
 While *Lucifer*, and his accursed Train,
 For only Pride, shall bear eternal Pain.

The great, the glorious blessed Work is done,
 And sacrific'd is the Almighty's Son ;
 Each Drop of his most precious Blood was spilt,
 To cleanse the Penitent from blackest Guilt.

Oh pleasing sad Ideas that arise !
 I see by Faith, as with my mortal Eyes.
 The Tragedy so many Ages past,
 The Son of God by tim'rous *Pilate* cast ;
 And those Hosannahs that once reach'd the Sky,
 Are now revers'd, and chang'd to Crucify.
 The clam'rous *Jews* prevail, Sentence is giv'n,
 The God Incarnate (homag'd through all Heav'n)

Is left without Relief in deep Distress,
 And now to fatal *Golgotha* they press.
 They are arriv'd, the horrid Scene of Death
 Is now begun, and Christ resigns his Breath.
 The Signals that proclaim him God appear,
 And terrify the World in Earth and Air :
 Worse than *Egyptian* Darknefs spread the Sky,
Phæbus is hid from ev'ry mortal Eye.
 Those dismal Hours of Darknefs in the Day,
 Affright Mankind, and make all Mortals pray.
 Earth's Centre shakes, the Graves resign their Dead,
 Cœlestial Ghosts spread universal dread.
 Huge Rocks, and the rich Temple's Veil are rent,
 And now the Prodigies their Force have spent.
Phæbus revives the World, all is serene,
 The Son of God dead on his Cross is seen :
 Now in his Tomb he's laid, the Guards appear,
 The Stone is seal'd, his Corps is now their Care.
 Three Days they were decreed to watch his Tomb,
 The first and second past, the third was come.

The Mafly Stone then of itfelf gave way,
 And Chrift more bright than *Titan* at mid-day,
 Triumphantly arofe, and then did break
 The Bars of Death, and made his Empire fhake ;
 That dreaded Conqueror He Captive led,
 And rofe himfelf the Firft-Fruits of the Dead.

Death's Viſage now, the Virtuous cannot fright,
 Through his dark Realms they paſs to endless Light.
 The Guilty view with Horror his grim Face,
 For Death translates them to a diſmal Place.
 Oh Mortals ! bravely ſtrive to conquer Death,
 Live well, and fearless yield your fitting Breath.

The Soldiers bold in War, no longer dare
 Strict Watch obſerve, but overwhelm'd with Fear :
 They trembling fled, the Wonder to relate ;
 Which known, the *Jews* after a deep Debate,
 With courteous Speeches and large Bribes prevail'd,
 To have this mighty Truth with Falſhood veil'd.
 At their Requeſt the Soldiers form a Lye,
 And impudently did the Truth deny.

This

This false Report they spread,

Whilst we all kept

A careless Watch, and against Orders slept,

His own Disciples in the Night did come,

Remov'd the Stone, and stole him from his Tomb :

Which Tale the present *Jews* for Truth receive,

And the Traditionary Lye believe ;

But Christ's Disciples with much Joy beheld

Their Lord, when he from Death had won the Field,

View'd the same Body which the Cross sustain'd,

Restor'd to Life, and the great Truth maintain'd.

Proclaim'd him God, the Son of the most High,

And for their Holy Faith did Martyrs die.

Justly the Christians celebrate that Day,

In which their great Redeemer did display

His Triumph over Death, in which began

The certain endless Happiness of Man.

Assemble pious Christians, weekly meet

In the Almighty Lord's Terrestrial Seat ;

(6)
With Heart and Tongue the King of Kings Address,
Devoutly Pray, all wand'ring Thoughts suppress.
The Triune God religiously adore,
And Pardon for Offences past implore :
For Mercies, numberless Thanksgivings pay,
And that you may not for the future stray.
Oh beg with fervent Zeal assisting Grace!
To guide you safely to that happy Place ;
Where Saints and Angels in harmonious Lays,
Extol their Maker's Love, and sing his Praise.

High Festival, of all our Days the best,
In which from worldly Cares we sweetly rest ;
And undisturb'd may on our God attend,
And on the Wings of Faith to Heav'n ascend :
In which our Souls may freely meditate
On Love Divine, and the Immortal State.
Then the Almighty gen'ral Homage claim,
All Christians then shou'd praise his holy Name.
None are excus'd, high, low, the rich and poor,
The Lord of Heav'n and Earth shou'd then adore.

In Sacred Temples all devoutly pray,
The Service due on that religious Day ;
Which, well improv'd, more Blessings we obtain,
More solid Pleasure, and substantial Gain,
Than all we from our six Days Toils receive,
Which long we can't enjoy, and soon may leave.

Oh Folly, worse than Madness! to despise
Those Treasures which we chiefly ought to prize :
Like Children, highly value Earthly Toys,
And to possess them, part with Heavenly Joys.
Presumptive Mortals on the *Sabbath* Day,
To pass with Guilt the sacred Hours away ;
Indulge your Appetites without controul,
Pamper the Body, and destroy the Soul.
May those who wilfully from Duty stray,
And dare profane this consecrated Day,
Weigh well the dread Event of what may come,
Turn and Repent, and stop their dismal Doom.
Before at Death, with doubtful Penitence,
They deeply mourn this negligent Offence.

(10)
Ye happy few, whose Conversations prove,
Your Hearts are fixt on blissful Realms above ;
Who on the hallow'd *Sabbath* well employ
Those blessed Hours, and taste Celestial Joy.
Pleas'd with the solemn Worship of the Day,
With pious Breathing's fervent Zeal display ;
Devoutly offer grateful Sacrifice,
And serve the Lord of Host without Disguise :
Who in the Intervals of Duty show
A Christian Love, and lib'ral Alms bestow.
Who in that sacred Day, from Morn 'till Night,
In holy Duties place their chief Delight.
You, who thus wisely spend that sacred Day,
And zealously the Laws of Heav'n obey,
Your pious Deeds th' Almighty will regard,
Sweet is your Peace, and great is your Reward.
Here are you blest, and when this Life shall end,
To the bright Realms above you shall ascend,
The Fruits of holy Services to reap,
And an eternal happy *Sabbath* keep.

F I N I S.

